

# CRIME

**THE LAW  
ALWAYS WINS!**

## **SMASHERS**

OCT. No. 1

HAVE A TASTE OF  
KNUCKLE TONIC, DOC,  
AND SEE HOW YOU  
LIKE IT!

THANK HEAVENS! YOU GOT  
HERE JUST IN TIME!

**WHAM!**



**CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY!**





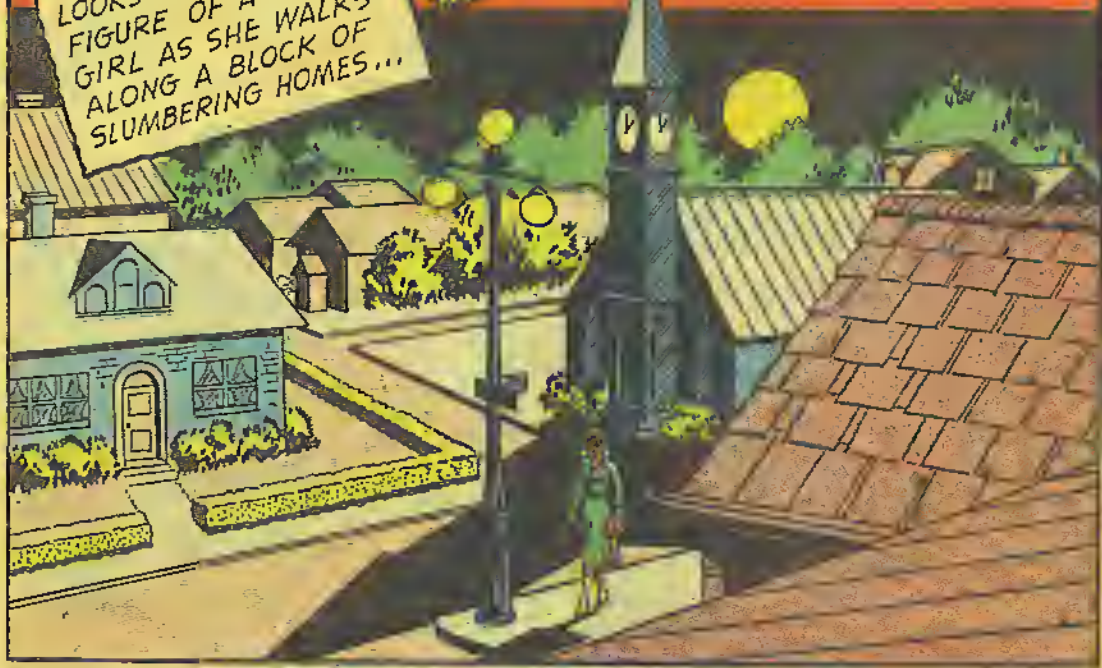
WEB COMIC  
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# SALLY the SLEUTH

LATE ONE NIGHT, IN THE SUBURBS OF A LARGE CITY, THE MOON LOOKS DOWN ON THE FIGURE OF A LONE GIRL AS SHE WALKS ALONG A BLOCK OF SLUMBERING HOMES...

"DEATH BAIT"



GOSH, IT'S DESERTED AROUND HERE -- ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN AT THIS HOUR!



1

PRESENTLY, AN OMINOUS FIGURE DETACHES ITSELF FROM THE SHADOWS...





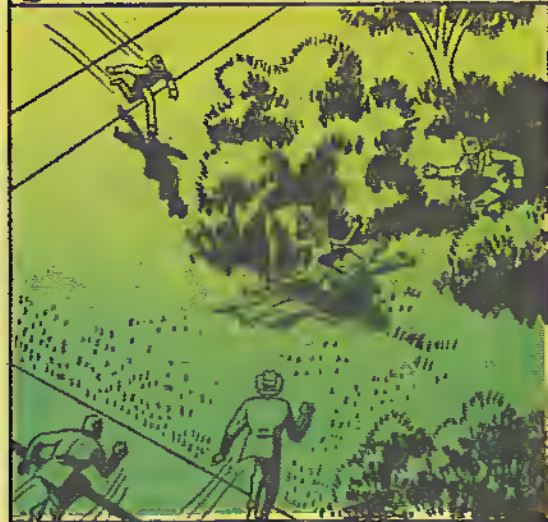
**QUICKLY, THE ATTACKER STIFLES  
THE GIRL'S SCREAMS AND ...**



**... DRAGS HER INTO THE GLOOM...**



**SEVERAL FIGURES RACE TO THE SPOT...**



**... AND CLOSE IN ON THE STRUGGLING COUPLE ...**



**IN THE MELEE, A FUGITIVE  
SLINKS INTO THE BUSHES...**





**THE DETECTIVES REALIZE THAT THEIR QUARRY HAS ELUDED THEM...**

NO USE, BOYS, HE GOT AWAY.

TOO BAD, CHIEF. THAT'S THE GUY WE WANTED SO MUCH TO CATCH.



YOU WERE A GOOD DECOY, SALLY. WE CAN'T LET UP NOW, AFTER THREE GIRLS HAVE BEEN ATTACKED AND MURDERED IN THE PAST MONTH.



THE MAN DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME IN THE DARK.

THAT'S LIKELY. YOU CAN STILL TRY TO LURE THAT BEAST INTO OUR HANDS.



WELL, WE MAY AS WELL GO HOME. THE KILLER IS SCARED OFF FOR A WHILE.

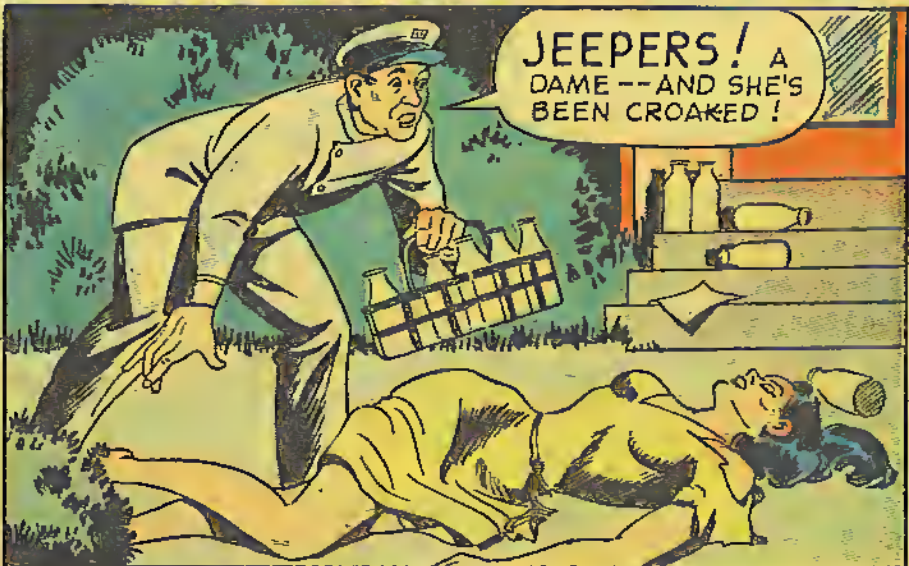
OKAY, CHIEF. I NEED SOME BEAUTY SLEEP.



**BUT - ONLY A WEEK LATER, HORROR STRIKES AGAIN IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN - AS, ONE MORNING, A MILKMAN FINDS...**



**JEEPERS! A DAME -- AND SHE'S BEEN CROAKED!**





IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE...

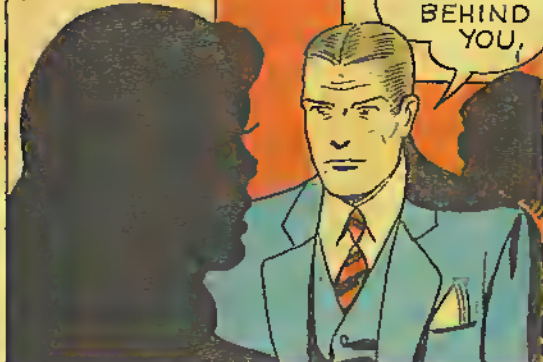
THE FATHER OF ONE OF THOSE MURDERED GIRLS HIRED US TO TRAP HER KILLER. THE ASSASSIN'S TOLL IS NOW FOUR—WE MUST GET BUSY.

CHIEF, I HAVE A HUNCH. LET ME WORK ON IT FOR A FEW DAYS.

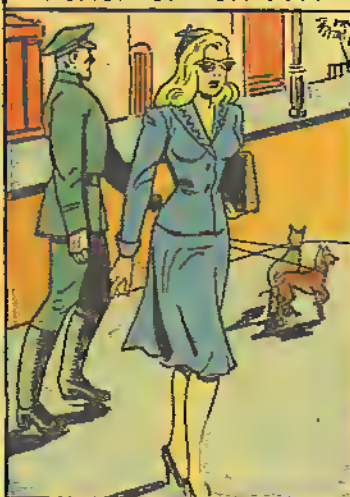


I HAVE SOMETHING DEFINITE IN MIND. I'LL RUN IT DOWN, JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE. I BET I'LL LEAD YOU TO THE STRANGLER.

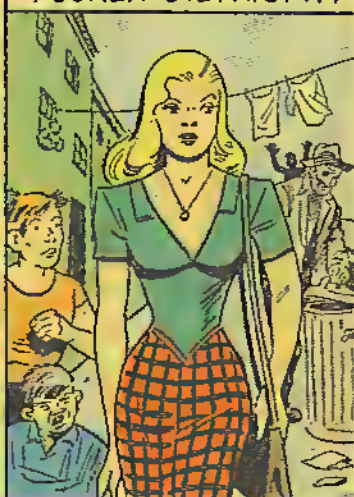
OKAY, SALLY, I'LL KEEP BEHIND YOU.



SALLY HAUNTS THE RICH SECTION OF TOWN...



...AS WELL AS THE POORER DISTRICT...



AND THE BUSINESS AREA...



...AND FINALLY THE WATERFRONT...



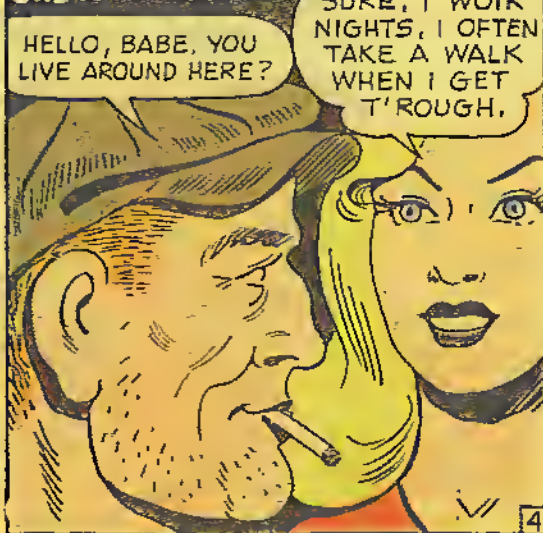
AT LAST! THIS IS IT!!

SHIFF SHIFF

SHE IS ACCOSTED

HELLO, BABE, YOU LIVE AROUND HERE?

SURE, I WOIK NIGHTS, I OFTEN TAKE A WALK WHEN I GET T'ROUGH.





**SALLY SECRETLY CONFERS WITH THE CHIEF...**

I KNOW IT, CHIEF. HE'S THE GUY WHO GRABBED ME THAT NIGHT!

ALL RIGHT, SALLY, BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET THE GOODS ON HIM. MEET HIM TONIGHT AND WE'LL BE SPOTTED ALL AROUND.



**LATE THAT NIGHT, SALLY IS BACK NEAR THE WATERFRONT...**

HELLO, KID. AIN'T YOU GOT NO BOY FRIEND - OR BRUDDERS?

NO - I'M ALL ALONE IN THE WOILD - JUST A LONELY WOIKING-GOIL!



LET'S TAKE A WALK OUT ON DE DOCK -

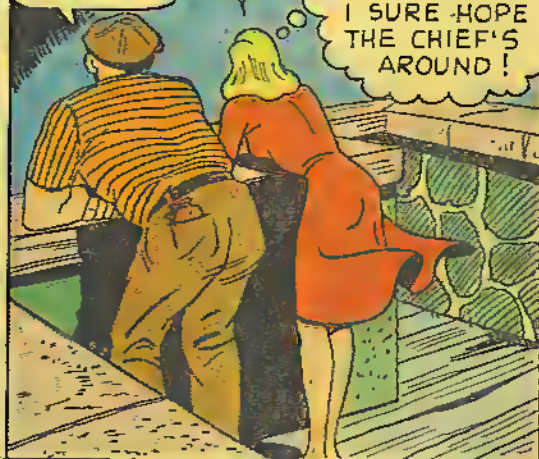
OKAY, HANDSOME!



AIN'T DE MOON BEAUTIFUL?

SURE -

OH BOY! WHAT A PLACE FOR A MURDER - I SURE HOPE THE CHIEF'S AROUND!



**SALLY STANDS PETRIFIED AS SHE SEES A HAND OMINOUSLY RISING...**



**AI-EEEEK!!**





**THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET  
INTERRUPTS THE STRANGLER...**

**HUH?**



**I'LL KILL YOU JUST LIKE I DID THE  
OTHERS - THEN I'LL CRAWL DOWN THE  
TRAP DOOR AND GET AWAY UNDER  
THE DOCK - HA! HA!**

**YOU - YOU'RE  
A MANIAC!**



**GIT IN HERE, YOU!**



**MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...**

**WE CAN'T SHOOT, BOYS, - MIGHT HIT  
SALLY. BREAK THAT DOOR DOWN!**



**INSIDE, SALLY REACHES IN HER BAG...**

**HEY - WHAT YOU  
GOT IN THERE?**

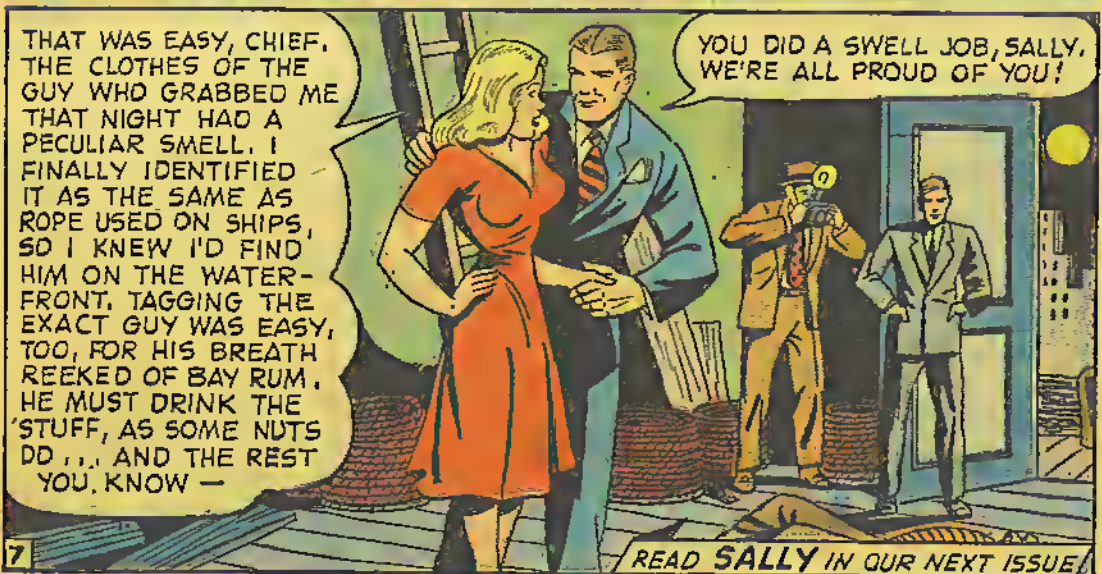
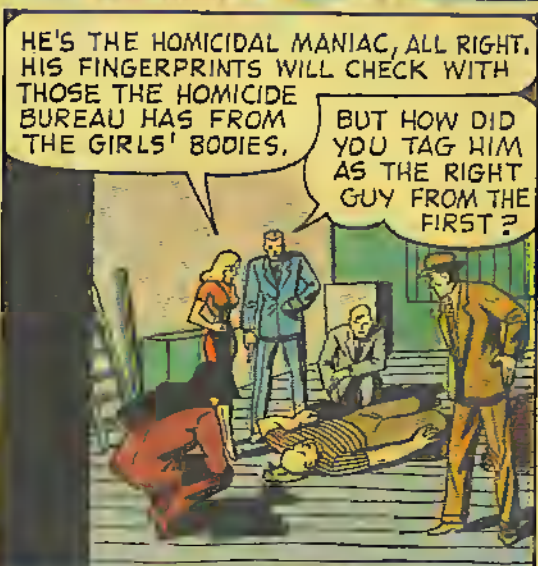


**J - JUST A  
LIPSTICK -**

**HA! HA! - HO! HO! SHE'S  
GOIN' TO PRETTY HER  
FACE UP BEFORE I KILL  
HER - HAW! HAW!**









# RAY HALE

NEWS  
ACE

ONE DAY, HALE AND MYRA STAHL, A "SIB-SISTER" ON THE "CLARION" ARE CALLED IN ON AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT BY THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE PAPER...

## "DOPE TRAIL"

by Douglas March

"DOC" FRANTZ, A BARRED MEDICO, IS SUSPECTED OF BEING THE LINK HERE FOR A GANG THAT IMPORTS DOPE. I'D LIKE TO BREAK THE CASE BEFORE THE COPS.

CAN'T HE BE RAIDED?

HE HAS AN ALMOST IMPREGNABLE HOUSE BUILT ON THE ROCKS AT THE SHORE. HE MUST GET THE DOPE FROM SHIPS, BUT NO SMALL BOATS HAVE BEEN SEEN COMING IN. IT'S UP TO YOU TWO TO GET INTO THE HOUSE SOMEHOW AND FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON.

HOW'LL WE GET IN?

I HAVE THAT ALL FIGURED OUT. COME ON DOWN TO THE GARAGE.

LATER...

THAT'S FINE, JIM, IT LOOKS LIKE A WRECKED JALOPY BUT THE ENGINE IS INTACT.

I'M SO GLAD I'M ON THIS ASSIGNMENT WITH YOU.



MY PLAN IS ALL SET.  
ALL THAT'S LEFT IS  
TO GIVE YOU A GOOD  
PUNCH IN THE JAW.

WHY, WHAT  
HAVE I  
DONE, RAY?



NOTHING, TOOTS. ONLY, FRANTZ IS A  
DOCTOR AND WHEN WE FAKE A  
WRECK, YOU COULD NEVER FOOL HIM  
WITH A PRETENDED FAINT.

OKAY-YOU'RE  
THE BOSS.



THAT NIGHT, HALE DRIVES THE  
BATTERED CAR INTO A DITCH  
CLOSE TO FRANTZ'S HOUSE...



SORRY I HAVE TO  
DO THIS, BABY.



CARRYING MYRA, HE KICKS ON THE  
DOOR TO ATTRACT ATTENTION...



TO HIS SURPRISE IT IS OPENED  
BY A GIRL...

I HAD A  
WRECK! I-

GO AWAY! PLEASE  
GO AWAY QUICKLY !!

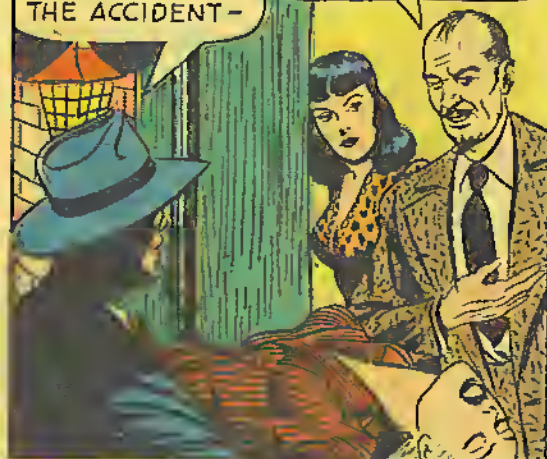




**THEN FRANTZ HIMSELF APPEARS...**

BUT THIS LADY  
IS HURT IN  
THE ACCIDENT -

COME RIGHT IN -



I'M A PHYSICIAN. GO WITH JANE AND  
GET SOME AMMONIA AND COLD COM-  
PRESSES FROM THE KITCHEN. I'LL  
TAKE CARE OF THIS YOUNG LADY.



**WHEN THEY GET TO THE KITCHEN...**

SSH! GET OUT QUICK!  
I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY.

WHY?



FRANTZ KNOWS WHO YOU  
ARE. HE'S PLANNING TO  
KILL YOU!

WHAT!



**JANE PRODUCES A GUN...**

CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO SAVE  
YOUR LIFE? GET OUT AT ONCE!



I'LL JUST TAKE THAT  
GUN, YOUNG LADY -





-AND TIE YOU UP, THERE ARE A FEW THINGS HERE I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT BEFORE I GO.



CATCH ME FIRST!

THIS GUN ISN'T EVEN LOADED. SHE'S DOING EVERYTHING SHE CAN TO GET ME OUT OF THIS HOUSE, BUT SHE WON'T SUCCEED.



*HALE ENTERS A ROOM CARVED OUT OF THE ROCKY PRECIPICE...*

HMM-A DIRECTIONAL BEAM TRANSMITTER; WONDER WHAT ALL THAT CEMENT IS FOR--



... AND ON A TABLE NEARBY...

SAY--! THIS IS INTERESTING! TOY PLANES OF BALSA WOOD AND MINATURE GAS ENGINES--!



NOW THAT YOU'VE MADE YOUR INSPECTION, PUT YOUR HANDS UP!



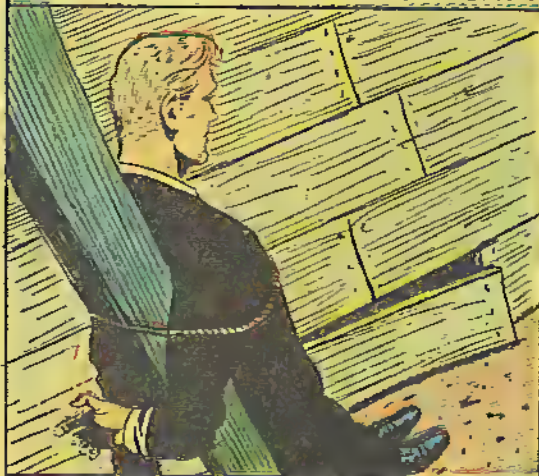
I'LL JUST BIND YOU UNTIL I FIND THAT BLASTED GIRL, JANE.

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, FRANTZ!





AFTER FRANTZ HAS LEFT THE ROOM, A CREAKING BOARD MOVES INWARD NEAR THE FEET OF THE PRISONER...



... AND JANE RE-APPEARS ...

SHH!



THE GIRL WHO CAME WITH YOU WON'T BE HURT. IT'S YOU HE'S AFTER. NOW PLEASE GO!



ARE YOU IN LOVE WITH FRANTZ?

NO! I HATE HIM! HE'S A CRIMINAL AND HE'S ALSO MAD - MAD !!



MY BROTHER BUILT THIS HOUSE. THEN HE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED AND THE DOCTOR GOT THE HOUSE THROUGH LEGAL TRICKERY. I ALWAYS SUSPECTED FRANTZ OF KILLING MY BROTHER.



I MET FRANTZ AND PLAYED UP TO HIM. HE ASKED ME TO COME HERE AND WORK FOR HIM. I DID AND I'LL YET FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MY BROTHER.





I'VE BEEN LISTENING.  
VERY INTERESTING!

OH!



PLENTY OF ROOM FOR TWO MORE  
CRYPTS IN THE ROCK. THEY'LL NEVER  
FIND YOUR CORPSES,



DESPERATELY, JANE TRIES HER  
FEMININE WILES ON FRANTZ...

DARLING - YOU WOULDN'T KILL ME!  
AFTER ALL WE -



GET AWAY  
FROM ME!



HALE MAKES A FLYING  
JUMP FOR FRANTZ AS  
THE GUN BARKS...





THE  
MAD  
DOCTOR'S  
AIM IS  
SPOILED

BUT  
JUST  
THEN,  
ANOTHER  
SHOT  
SOUNDS  
FROM  
THE  
DOORWAY

WHAM!

HALE  
WRENCHES  
THE WEAPON  
FROM MYRA'S  
GRASP...

YOU SHOT  
AT ME!  
YOU'RE IN  
CAHOOTS WITH  
FRANTZ!

I KNEW THERE WAS A LEAK IN THIS  
CASE SOMEWHERE. FRANTZ WAS ALWAYS  
TIPPED OFF WHEN THE "CLARION" GOT  
INTERESTED IN HIS ACTIVITIES.

YOU'RE FRANTZ'S REAL GIRL FRIEND!  
YOU TOLD HIM ABOUT OUR PLAN AND  
HE WAS ALL SET TO BUMP OFF BOTH  
JANE AND ME TONIGHT. HE HAD  
THE CEMENT READY TO WALL US UP.



GRANTZ, REVIVING, RECOVERS HIS GUN AND AIMS AT HALE...



THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM! I'M SURE WE'LL FIND YOUR BROTHER'S BODY PLASTERED UP IN THAT WALL.



MEANWHILE, I'LL KEEP THIS DOUBLE-CROSSING DAME COVERED, YOU GO PHONE MY PAPER, JANE.



LATER, AT THE "CLARION" OFFICE...

THE GUY WAS BRILLIANT, BOSS. HE'D FLY THE LITTLE PLANES OUT TO THE BOATS AND BRING THEM BACK LOADED WITH DOPE, ALL CONTROLLED BY RADIO.



NOW THAT MYRA IS IN THE CLINK WE HAVE A VACANCY ON THE PAPER. WANT TO BE A NEWSPAPER-WOMAN?

YES - I'D LOVE TO WORK WITH RAY HALE ON ANY STORY.



READ RAY HALE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE



# DAN TURNER

HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

DAN TURNER KILLS AN EVENING IN HIS BACHELOR APARTMENT STASH BY WATCHING COMEDIAN NOCKY NELSON'S TELEVISION SHOW---

"TELEVISED  
FRAME"

by  
BELLEM  
and  
BARREAUX

NOCKY  
NELSON SPEAKS FROM  
THE VIDEO SCREEN...

FOLKS, I'VE GOT A  
SURPRISE FOR YOU!



HERE IN OUR STUDIO AUDIENCE I SEE SOME-  
BODY SO GORGEOUS  
SHE CAN'T BE ANYONE  
BUT LANA LANE, LOVELY  
STAR OF CORONA  
PICTURES!

MISS LANE, WON'T YOU  
COME UP AND LET OUR  
VAST VIDEO AUDIENCE  
SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL  
YOU LOOK THIS  
EVENING?

WE-E-ELL, AH, THANK  
IF YOU YOU, LANA  
INSIST! LANE! NOW  
SMILE PRETTY  
FOR THE PEOPLE  
AND SAY SOME-  
THING CLEVER!





I HAVE SOMETHING  
HERE THAT WILL TALK  
FOR ME!

HUH?

SEE WHAT  
I MEAN,  
YOU HEEL?

HEY!  
DROP  
THAT  
GUN!!

CRIPES, THAT LOOKS  
TOO REAL TO BE  
PLAY-ACTING!

DIE, YOU  
DIRTY  
CREEP!

AGHH!

IN THE TELEVISION STUDIO...

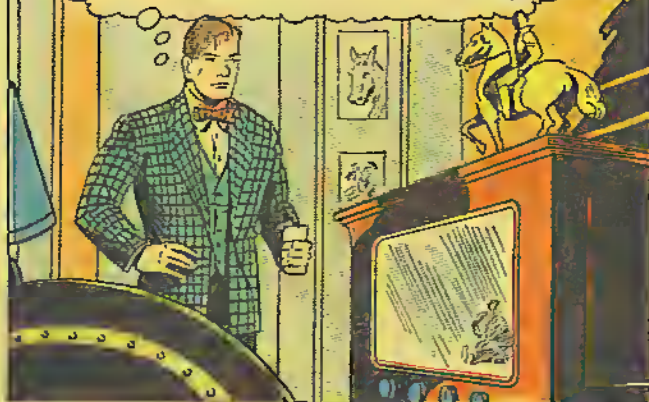
GOOD LORD...  
NOCKY NELSON  
IS D-DEAD!!

THERE GOES LANA  
LANE! SOMEBODY  
STOP HER!!!



**IN HIS APARTMENT, DAN TURNER WATCHES THE TELEVISION SCREEN...**

JEEPERS! IT WAS A GENUINE BUMP-OFF! THEY'RE SO EXCITED THEY FORGOT TO CUT THE BROADCAST!

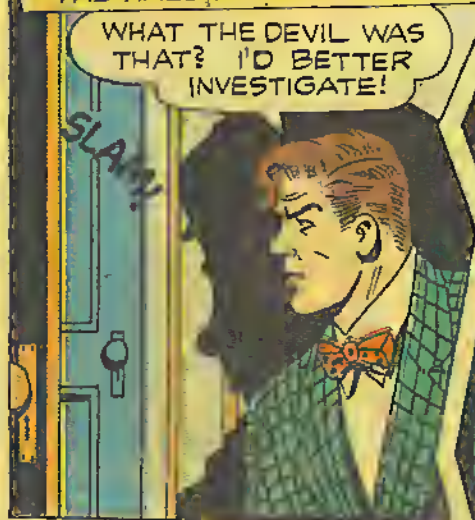


TOO LATE! SHE KILLED NOCKY NELSON, AND NOW SHE'S MADE A GETAWAY!



**S**UDDENLY TURNER IS STARTLED BY A DOOR SLAMMING ACROSS THE HALL FROM HIS FLAT...

WHAT THE DEVIL WAS THAT? I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!



**I**N THE HALL, TURNER BLAMS INTO A GORGEOUS BRUNETTE CHICK CLAD ONLY IN A TOPCOAT OVER HER FRILLY EVENING GOWN...

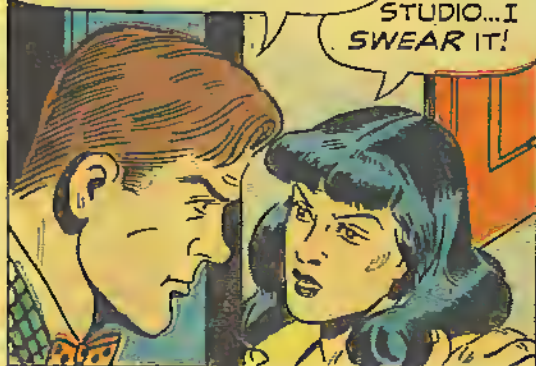
JUST A MINUTE, SIS...WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? HOLY SMOKE, YOU'RE LANA LANE!

Y-YES, I AM... LET ME G-GO!



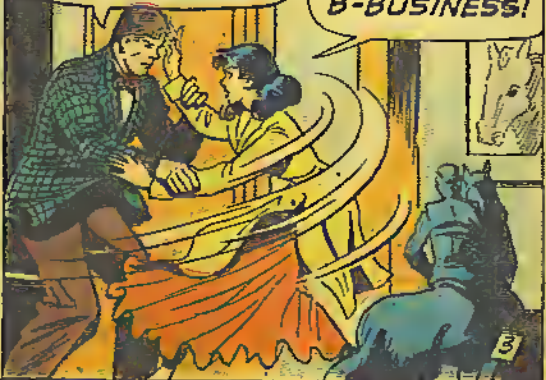
BUT HOW THE HECK CAN YOU BE HERE NOW, WHEN ONLY A MINUTE AGO YOU WERE IN THE TELEVISION STUDIO TEN MILES FROM HERE?

I WASN'T IN THE STUDIO...I SWEAR IT!



I THINK YOU'D BETTER COME INTO MY STASH AND EXPLAIN THIS HASSLE, HON!

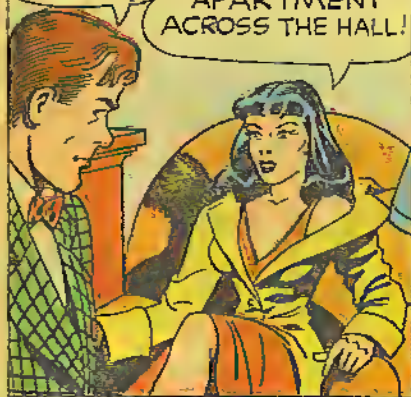
NO! LET ME ALONE! IT'S NONE OF YOUR B-BUSINESS!





I'M DAN TURNER, PRIVATE SNOOP, AND KILLERY IS ALWAYS MY BUSINESS!

BUT I DIDN'T KILL NOCKY NELSON! ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SAW ON A TELEVISION SET IN A FRIEND'S APARTMENT ACROSS THE HALL!



YOU MEAN SOME FEMALE IMPERSONATED YOU, AND CROAKED NELSON?

YES!



THEN YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR! YOUR FRIEND WILL ALIBI YOU!

I C-CAN'T ASK HIM FOR AN ALIBI! IN THE FIRST PLACE, HE'S G-GONE! BESIDES, THE SCANDAL WOULD RUIN MY MOVIE CAREER!



YIPE! YOU WERE TRYSTING WITH A SWEETIE MINUS A CHAPERONE, HEY? THEN HE RAN OUT ON YOU...AND YOU SCRAMMEO WHEN YOU SAW THE KILL VIA TELEVISION.

MUST YOU PUT IT SO BLUNTLY?



YOU'RE IN A BLUNT JACKPOT, KITTEN! TO NIX A MURDER RAP, YOU'LL HAVE TO CONFESS YOU WERE INOLUGING IN NECKERY WITH A BOY FRIEND!

THERE MUST BE **ANOTHER** WAY! YOU'RE A DETECTIVE... TH-THINK OF SOMETHING TO SAVE ME!



HM-MM! WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?

PLENTY...IF YOU GET ME OUT OF THIS J-JAM! I'LL PAY YOU A LOT OF MONEY.



WELL...LET'S SEE! DO YOU KNOW ANY DAME WHO LOOKS **EXACTLY** LIKE YOU?

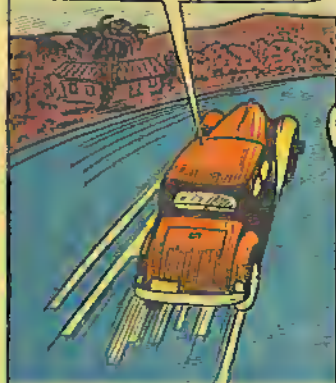
ONLY MY STUDIO STAND-IN, VICKI VARDEN! SOME-TIMES SHE DOUBLES FOR ME IN LONG SHOTS!





**TURNER AND LANA  
START FOR VICKI  
VARDEN'S COTTAGE...**

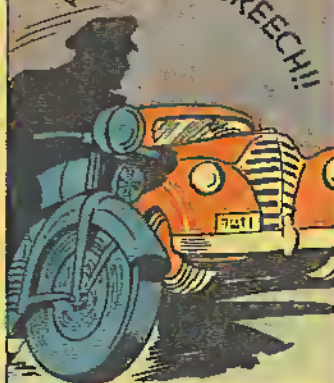
**WE'LL CALL ON THE  
VARDEN CUTIE...PRONTO!**



**TOUGH LUCK!! A COP  
NABS THEM FOR  
SPEEDING...**

**PULL  
UP!**

**SCREECH!!**

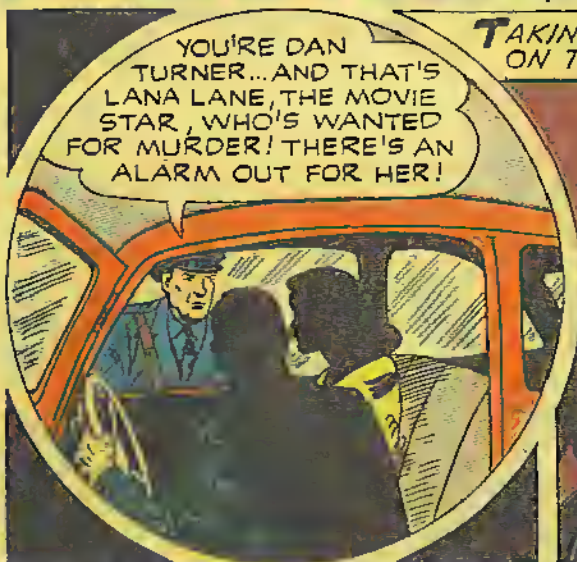


**...AND RECOGNIZES  
LANA LANE!**

**WHERE'S THE FIRE, BUD?  
SAY! I KNOW YOU...AND  
THE JANE WITH YOU!**

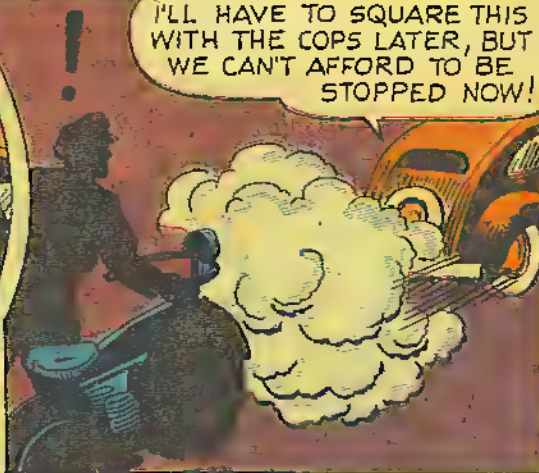


**YOU'RE DAN  
TURNER...AND THAT'S  
LANA LANE, THE MOVIE  
STAR, WHO'S WANTED  
FOR MURDER! THERE'S AN  
ALARM OUT FOR HER!**



**TAKING A CHANCE, DAN TURNER STEPS  
ON THE GAS AND SPEEDS OFF...**

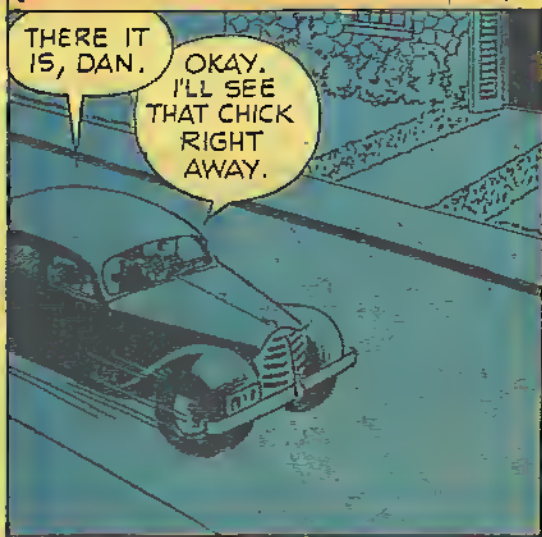
**I'LL HAVE TO SQUARE THIS  
WITH THE COPS LATER, BUT  
WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE  
STOPPED NOW!**



**THEY ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION,...**

**THERE IT  
IS, DAN.**

**OKAY.  
I'LL SEE  
THAT CHICK  
RIGHT  
AWAY.**



**A LITTLE LATER, TURNER LEAVES  
LANA IN HIS COUPE AND THUMPS  
VICKI VARDEN'S BUNGALOW DOOR...**

**ARE YOU  
VICKI VARDEN?**

**NO... I'M BETTY,  
HER SISTER.  
VICKI ISN'T HOME!**





PARDON MY CURLY  
TONSILS, TUTZ, BUT I  
THINK I'LL CHECK UP  
ON THAT STATEMENT!

HOW DARE  
YOU!

**T**URNER PROWLs THE  
LIVING ROOM...

I DARE BECAUSE I'VE  
GOT THIS PRIVATE TIN...  
WHICH MAKES ME SORT  
OF A COP!

...THEN THE KITCHEN...

HMMM...NO SIGN  
OF VICKI HERE!

...AND THE BEDROOM!

SEE...I TOLD  
YOU MY SISTER  
WASN'T IN?

BUT DON'T I HEAR  
WATER SPLASHING  
IN THE BATHROOM  
SHOWER?

**EEK!**

AHH! VICKI VARDEN IN  
PERSON! JUST AS I  
THOUGHT!

GET OUT  
OF HERE!  
CAN'T YOU  
SEE I'M  
TAKING A  
SHOWER?

I CAN'T SEE  
**ANYTHING,**  
TUTZ,  
EXCEPT  
FOR YOUR  
GOLDEN  
TRESSSES, YOU'RE  
A DEAD RINGER  
FOR LANA LANE!

AND WHY  
NOT? I'M  
HER MOVIE  
STAND-IN  
AND DOUBLE!

I WONDER  
IF YOU  
DOUBLED  
FOR HER IN  
TONIGHT'S  
MURDER?

**VICKI'S PRIM SISTER  
SPRINGS TO HER DEFENSE!**

DON'T YOU DARE  
ACCUSE VICKI OF  
KILLING NOCKY  
NELSON!

AND  
WHY NOT,  
KITTEN?





BECAUSE VICKI WAS NOWHERE NEAR THE TELEVISION STUDIO TONIGHT!

HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS NOCKY NELSON WHO GOT BUMPED? AND WHO TOLD YOU IT HAPPENED IN A TELEVISION STUDIO?



WHY, I-I... THAT IS...

YOU COULDN'T HAVE SEEN IT ON A VIDEO SET, BECAUSE WHEN I FRISKED THIS STASH, I NOTICED YOU DIDN'T HAVE ONE!



IN FACT, YOU HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A RADIO! SO YOU COULDN'T HAVE HEARD A NEWS BROADCAST!

BUT... BUT I...



WITHOUT YOUR CHEATERS, YOU'RE A DEAD RINGER FOR YOUR SISTER VICKI! ALMOST LIKE A TWIN!!

OH-H-H... PLEASE!



AND WITH THIS BLACK WIG YOUR SISTER USES WHEN SHE DOUBLES FOR LANA LANE, YOU'RE A PERFECT LANA LANE DOUBLE YOURSELF!

NO... NO! DON'T!



MOREOVER, I'LL BET A DERMAL NITRATE TEST WILL PROVE YOUR HAND DISCHARGED A FIREARM RECENTLY! IN OTHER WORDS, YOU TRIGGERED A GAT!

DAMN YOU, SNOOP!



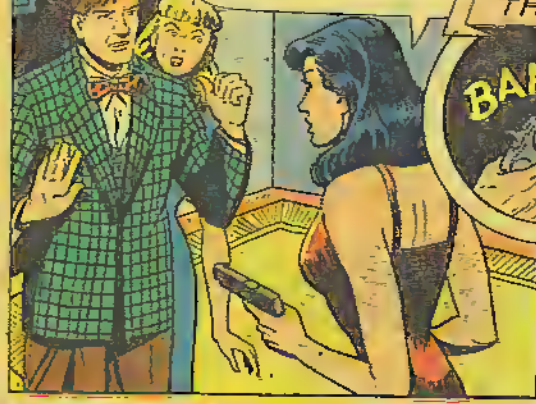
BETTY BREAKS FREE AND GRABS A ROSCOE FROM THE BUREAU...

OKAY... SO I KILLED NOCKY NELSON! HE DESERVED TO DIE... SO I TRIED TO FRAME LANA LANE! HE MADE LOVE TO ME AND REFUSED TO MARRY ME!

BETTY!!



BUT WHY MAKE LANA LANE TAKE THE RAP? SHE WAS THE BEST WAY FOR ME TO AVOID SUSPICION! NOW I'M GOING TO SHOOT YOU SO YOU'LL NEVER SQUEAL!



THEN...  
**BANG!**



INTO THE ROOM COMES TURNER'S FRIEND, DAVE DONALDSON, OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD...



I HEARD THIS DAME'S CONFESSION... THANKS FOR BREAKING THE CASE, SHERLOCK! I'LL RELEASE LANA LANE RIGHT AWAY!



SO I COLLECTED MY PROMISED FEE FROM LANA...AND SPENT SOME PLEASANT HOURS COMFORTING VICKI! IT'S NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT!



DON'T MISS ANOTHER EXCITING CASE OF DAN TURNER IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!



# GAIL FORD

by Gene Leslie

# GIRL FRIDAY

EARLY ONE MORNING, PASSERS-  
BY RECOIL FROM A TERRIFYING  
SIGHT IN THE SHOW-WINDOW OF  
HART'S HUGE DEPARTMENT STORE,  
A FIGURE AMONG THE MANNEKIN'S  
DOES NOT BELONG THERE -- IT IS  
THE CORPSE OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.  
THEIR SPINES ARE CHILLED TO SEE  
"DEATH ON DISPLAY"

## HART'S

HORRORS!

IT'S GHASTLY!  
WHY DON'T THEY  
CALL THE COPS?

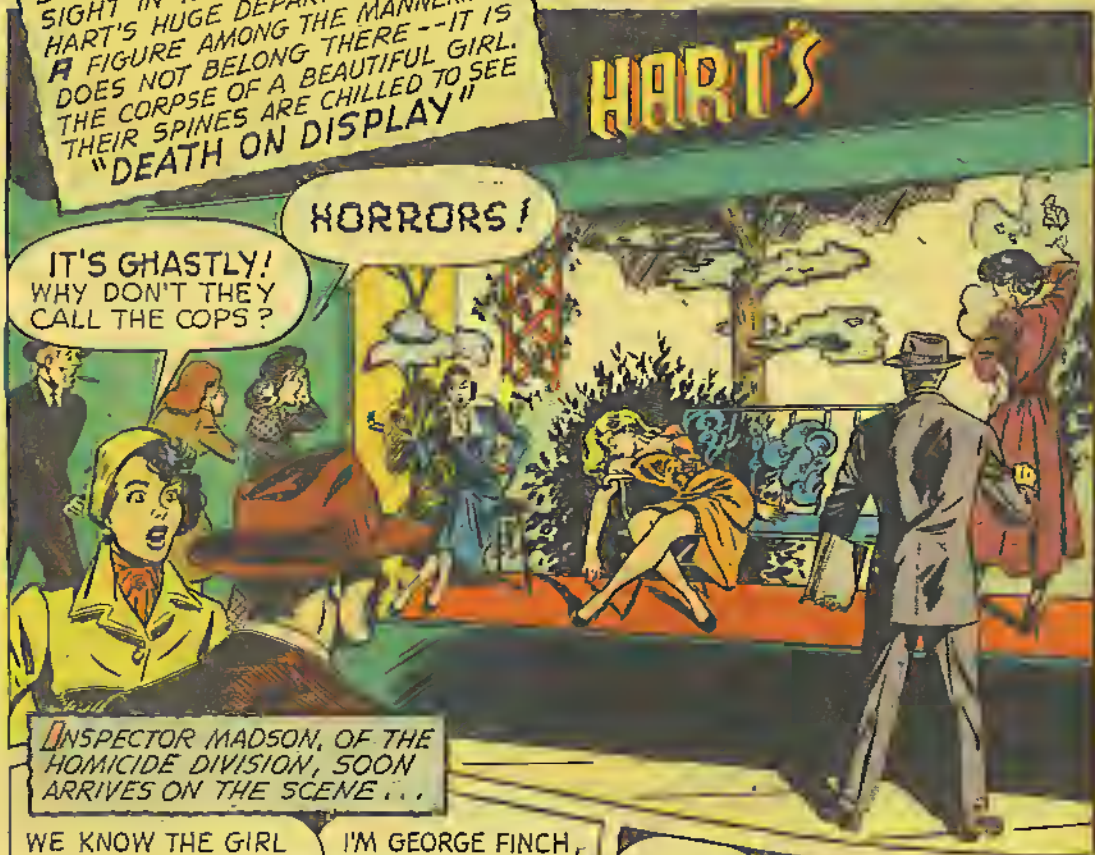
INSPECTOR MADSON, OF THE  
HOMICIDE DIVISION, SOON  
ARRIVES ON THE SCENE...

WE KNOW THE GIRL  
WAS STRANGLED SOME  
TIME LAST NIGHT  
AND PUT IN THE  
SHOW WINDOW. NOW,  
WHO IS SHE?

I'M GEORGE FINCH,  
CONTROLLER OF THE  
STORE. SHE'S - OR  
WAS - LYDIA ADAMS,  
MY SECRETARY...  
SHE WAS WORKING  
LATE LAST NIGHT,  
AND WE FOUND HER  
LIKE THIS IN  
THE MORNING.

- AND  
WHO ARE  
YOU?

MARK BELDEN, THE  
WINDOW DESIGNER. I  
DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING  
ABOUT THIS - A MANIAC  
MUST HAVE DONE IT.

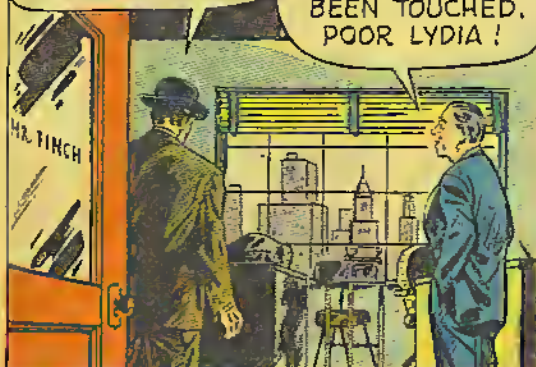




**THE INSPECTOR AND FINCH GO TO FINCH'S THIRD FLOOR OFFICE...**

HARD TO SEE WHY ANYONE WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT. THIS IS YOUR OFFICE - SHE WAS WORKING HERE?

YES. NOTHING'S BEEN TOUCHED. POOR LYDIA!



**BACK IN HEADQUARTERS, MADSON CALLS ON GAIL FORD, HIS "GIRL FRIDAY"...**

THE CASE HAS ME PUZZLED, GAIL. HOW ABOUT TAKING A JOB AS SALESGIRL FOR A WHILE?

-AND SNOOP AROUND HART'S. I GET YOU, INSPECTOR.



**AND SO A NEW SALESGIRL GOES TO WORK AT THE BIG DEPARTMENT STORE...**

-AND I'LL WANT IT DELIVERED.

YES, MADAM. I'LL SEND IT RIGHT DOWN TO OUR DELIVERY DEPARTMENT.



I'LL TRY TO STAY IN THE STORE TONIGHT AFTER CLOSING HOURS, AND SEE IF I SPOT ANYTHING -



**THAT NIGHT, GAIL ROAMS THE STORE...**

HIDING IN THE STOCK ROOM WAS EASY. NOW LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN DIG UP -



**SUDDENLY, SHE IS ALERT...**

SOMEONE'S COMING!





MAYBE IT'S THE WATCHMAN -  
BUT MAYBE IT'S NOT, I DON'T  
WANT TO TIP MY HAND YET -  
BUT WHERE CAN I HIDE?



HE'S COMING CLOSER! THOSE  
MANNEKINS - I'LL TRY IT -



SWIFTLY, GAIL STEPS UP ON THE  
PLATFORM WITH THE DRESS DUMMIES...



HERE HE IS!  
WILL HE SEE ME?



WHEW! HE PASSED RIGHT BY! I DIDN'T  
GET A LOOK AT HIM, THOUGH. I'LL  
FOLLOW HIM, BUT I MUST BE CAREFUL -



GAIL CAUTIOUSLY SEARCHES FOR  
THE NIGHT WALKER, BUT...

NO LUCK, I'VE LOST HIM, BETTER  
CALL IT A NIGHT AND LET MYSELF  
OUT WITH MY SKELETON KEY -





**BUT ON HER WAY, GAIL SEES...**

A LIGHT IN FINCH'S OFFICE! I'D BETTER STICK AROUND—



WHOEVER HE IS—HE'S COMING OUT! THAT'S WHERE THE MURDERED GIRL WORKED. I'LL WAIT TILL HE'S GONE, THEN HAVE A LOOK AROUND...



**LATER, GAIL ENTERS THE OFFICE...**

WHOEVER IT WAS, HE WAS LOOKING-PRETTY HARD FOR SOMETHING. THE PLACE IS TURNED UPSIDE DOWN!



**HER SEARCH IS FRUITLESS, UNTIL...**

HE WENT THROUGH EVERYTHING—EXCEPT THIS TYPEWRITER. THESE PAPERS WERE HERE THE DAY OF THE MURDER, THEY HAVEN'T BEEN TOUCHED. MAYBE—



THIS IS IT! LOOKED LIKE BLANK PAPER IN THE MACHINE, BUT IT'S ACTUALLY WRITTEN PAGES, FACE TO FACE! NOBODY THOUGHT TO LOOK AT THEM. THIS PINS IT ON—



OHH! HE'S COMING BACK!

CLACK-  
CLACK-  
CLACK-







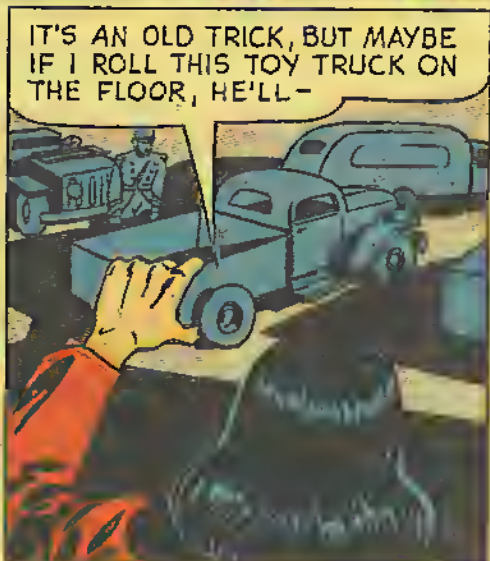
HE SEES ME!  
HE'LL SHOOT!



MISSED!  
THANK  
HEAVEN!



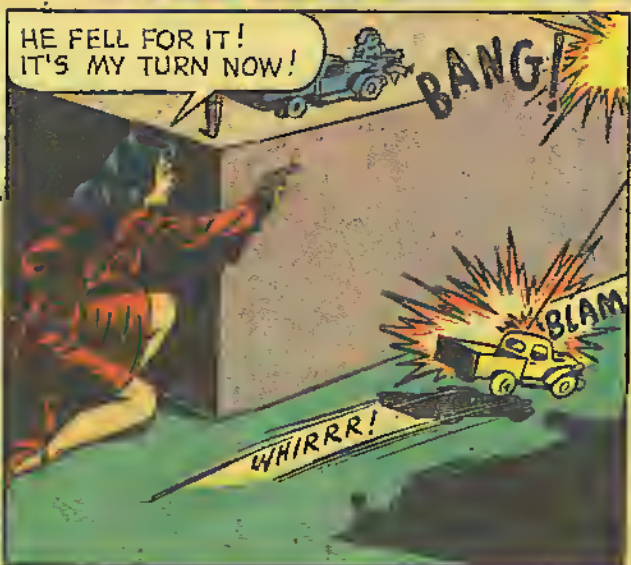
I'M NO SHARPSHOOTER, BUT I CAN USE  
**THIS** THING! BUT IT'S DARK—I DON'T  
KNOW WHERE **HE** IS! IF I COULD GET  
HIM TO SHOOT AGAIN --



IT'S AN OLD TRICK, BUT MAYBE  
IF I ROLL THIS TOY TRUCK ON  
THE FLOOR, HE'LL --



-- SHOOT AT IT! THEN I'LL  
HAVE HIM SPOTTED!



HE FELL FOR IT!  
IT'S MY TURN NOW!

BANG!

BLAM!

WHIRRR!







**GAIL PUSHES THE COAT-STAND OVER ONTO THE STARTLED FUGITIVE...**



WE MEET AGAIN, MR. FINCH! AND I'VE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, I FOUND THE EVIDENCE YOU WERE LOOKING FOR IN YOUR OFFICE.



**PHONE CALL FROM THE WATCHMAN BRINGS MADSON TO THE STORE...**

GREAT WORK, GAIL! AND YOU FOUND PROOF OF HIS GUILT. YES, IN LYDIA'S TYPEWRITER, TWO PAGES FACE TO FACE LOOKED LIKE BLANK PAPER. THEY WERE PAGES TORN FROM A LEGER.



I'M NO BOOKKEEPER, INSPECTOR, BUT I FIGURE LYDIA MUST HAVE FOUND FINCH WAS JUGGLING THE FIGURES. WHEN SHE HEARD HIM COMING THAT NIGHT, SHE RIPPED OUT THE PAGES AND PUT THEM IN HER TYPEWRITER. FINCH KILLED HER, BUT COULDN'T FIND THE PAGES, HE CAME BACK TONIGHT TO LOOK AGAIN. GOSH! - I THOUGHT FOR A WHILE I'D WIND UP IN THE STORE WINDOW, TOO!

NOT A CHANCE, GAIL. YOU'RE NO DUMMY.



LOOK FOR GAIL'S NEW CASE NEXT ISSUE



# BLAZING ACTION OUT OF THE RIP-ROARING WEST!

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AND HIS HORSE LIGHTNIN'

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14

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